GEN.

CLAUDE GERNADE BOWERS.

Claude G. Bowers was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, Nov. 20, 1878. He is one of the eminent leaders of the democrat party and his years of political study and experience in journalism has made him well qualified to write on the subject. His books, "Jefferson and Hamilton," "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," "Tragic Era," and "Life of John Worth Kern," are being widely read at the present time. He has held editorial positions on several of the leading Indiana papers and the New York World. While living in Terre Haute he wrote for the Terre Haute Star and was a candidate for congress in 1904-06. He was a delegate to the national democrat convention in 1908 and during the years 1911-'17 he was secretary to United States Senator John D. Kern.

President Coolidge appointed him a member of the sesque-centennial and Jefferson centennial commission and later made him secretary of the organization. At the formal dedication of Monticello to the nation, July 4, 1920, he was the recipient of a medal for his work on Jefferson. Governor Peary of Tennessee appointed him a member of the commission to determine the true historical value of Jackson's triumph at New Orleans.

Mr. Bowers returns to Terre Haute for brief visits, where he always receives a hearty welcome from his many friends and party comrades, who predict a bright political future for him.

(Continued Tomorrow).

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Turning Back The Years
WITH A HOOSIER DIPLOMAT

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By CLAUDE G. BOWERS
American Ambassador to Chile

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CLAUDE G. BOWERS, who wrote this nostalgic article for The Indianapolis Star Magazine *about youthful experiences in Indianapolis, is United States ambassador to Chile. Previously he was ambassador to Spain. He is a noted writer on historical subjects. He believes that history should be entertaining and his books have had tremendous popular appeal. He began his career as a newspaperman, starting as editorial writer on the* Indianapolis Sentinel. *After serving as editor of the* Terre Haute Star *and of the* Fort Wayne Journal Gazette *he went to New York and joined the staff of the* New York World. *Later he was political columnist for the* New York Journal. ★ ★ ★

I WAS AT the ripe age of 18, and still attending Shortridge High School when a reading of the autobiography of Lord Brougham, the brilliant orator and writer and founder of the *Edinburg Review,* convinced me that a magazine of equal dignity and brilliance in Indianapolis only awaited a Hoosier Brougham, and that seemed simple enough. I discussed the project with George Langsdale, a classmate, and we solemnly set to work. The lack of a penny of capital seemed inconsequential, since poets, novelists, essayists and statesmen would eagerly grasp the opportunity of enrolling themselves among the contributors to another *Edinburg Review.*

However, even we marveled when many of the foremost writers and publicists responded to our appeal for free contributions. I had assumed in later years that our letters were very clever and persuasive. The deflation came when I was in Spain and the chief of the manuscript division of the Congressional Library sent me a photostatic copy of my letter to Carl Schurz, found in the manuscripts of that great man in the library. I read it with humiliation and wonder. It was incredibly crude and childish—and yet Schurz had sent us a brilliant article. In the end we had in our possession enough stories, poems, essays and articles from men and women of national reputation to have filled a magazine of the dimensions of *Harpers Monthly* for a full year, and without the expenditure of a penny except for postage.

Our most galling experience was with President Harrison. Albert J. Beveridge had arranged our interview with the great man and we stalked up Delaware Street, a bit nervous, but with the utmost confidence. We had not yet become accustomed to failure.

HARRISON LIVED in a two-story brick house with bay windows, with stone trimmings, architecturally designed after the fashion of the Regency in England. There was no fence around the grounds since ardent partisans had whittled it all away for souvenirs during the presidential campaign of 1888.

Arriving at this house, we were ushered in by a somber servant into a drawing room—a small, dark room overcrowded with bric-a-brac and souvenirs—a sword hanging over the door leading into another room. There we found seats and waited apprehensively. After a while we heard quick steps on the stairs, and in a moment the great man appeared, stiff, coldly dignified, without the semblance of a smile of welcome. It was not a good beginning for two boys. He shook hands in a business-like manner, and sat down solemnly facing the window looking out on the grounds. Then he looked at us in silence, without a preliminary remark. It was clearly up to us. Short, stout, without being corpulent, his hair and beard almost white, his eyes penetrating and strangely cold and unresponsive. He seemed old but not tired or worn. His face and forehead had a network of tiny wrinkles, not deep, but superficial. The great man sat in the presence of two intimidated boys, silent as a Buddha in marble.

THE MOMENT he heard our project he suggested an objection in a very low tone. We were ready with an answer, and he sat as though indifferent to the replies, gazing with brooding eyes out the window. After a while it became evident that while we were answering one objection he was meditating another. Under such treatment, all awe of the man who had been President gave way to resentment, and I am afraid that our answers finally became a bit rude. At length we took our departure, Harrison going with us to the door without having made any positive promise.

We stormed down Delaware Street exhausting our puny vocabulary of abuse upon the great man's head and at the Denison House corner we met Beveridge who asked us how we got along. We burst forth in angry reply. Beveridge seemed puzzled.

"How long were you there?" he asked.

"About 45 minutes," we replied.

"Then go right back, fall on your knees and thank him," he said. "Had you been United States senators he would have given you five minutes."

But our treatment rankled. Later, when Joaquin Miller, the poet, lectured in the interest of our magazine, James Whitcomb Riley, who was managing the event, gave us two tickets and instructed us to call on Harrison with an invitation and the tickets. There was nothing to do but to go. This time we did not get even to the drawing room, for Harrison came running down the stairs while we were still in the hall. To our amazement his face was wreathed in smiles. Taking the tickets he said, very pointedly, as we were later to recall: "I shall be there if nothing happens—if nothing happens." When glancing over the audience that night we noted his absence, we were not surprised or annoyed. We expected that of Harrison. But the following morning we found in the papers that something had "happened"—that night his daughter Elizabeth had been born.

In time we learned that Harrison had been having fun with us in a friendly spirit, testing our ingenuity. Frequently, during the remainder of his life, I met him on Delaware Street in his Prince Albert and high hat, usually walking very slowly, leading the baby Elizabeth by the hand. Always he smiled genially in recognition, and lifted his hat in salutation. Later when I came to recognize in Harrison his great qualities, his dignity, integrity and independence and to conclude that in sheer brain power he has had few equals in the White House, the memory of that 45 minutes has remained among my most cherished memories.

BUT THE great event of those months of preparation for the overshadowing of Lord Brougham was the visit of Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras." We had written him in California asking for a poem and offering him the rare privilege of naming the magazine. He promptly sent us the stirring poem *Cuba Libre*, and a long and all but undecipherable letter solemnly urging that we call our magazine *The Cornfield*. We were shocked to tears. Why, in heaven's name, "Cornfield"? We were reminded that there was a *Cornhill* in England and that Indiana was the center of the corn belt. We decided to find a way to spare the magazine that indignity.

But more to our delight was the offer to lecture in Indianapolis and contribute the proceeds to the magazine fund. Our letter had been forwarded to him in Cincinnati whence he wrote us. Many years before, in the days of the gold rush to California he, a youth, had put his pack on his back and turned away from his native Indiana to follow the long trail. Now he was an old man and he had never visited his native state since his flight to the gold coast. He wished to return, and this offered him an excuse. If we cared to arrange a lecture, we should ask his "dear friend" James Whitcomb Riley to act as chairman and make the introduction. In due time he would send his friend and secretary, Harr Wagner, to assist with plans.

ELATED THAT we were to sponsor the homecoming of a poet, we called on all the editors in town and asked for appropriate editorials, and they all responded magnificently. We saw the Speaker of the House, then in session, and asked permission to sell tickets on the floor. "I will do better than that," was the reply. "I will arrange a joint session of the House and Senate and do Joaquin Miller the honor of asking him to address it."

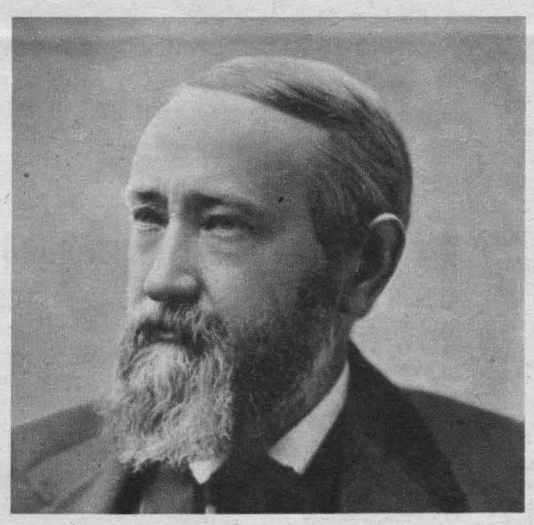
Meanwhile, we were calling frequently on Riley at his desk on the balcony of the then Bowen-Merrill Company, now Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., where we found him bending laboriously like a schoolboy working on arithmetic. All that was lacking to make the comparison perfect was his failure to stick his tongue out of the corner of his mouth. He was writing the introduction he was to make in that fine, beautiful script that was his

Meanwhile we had rented Plymouth Church, the historic edifice no longer standing, that was somehow associated with literary and intellectual events. We had obligated ourselves to pay $9, and this worried us a bit.

But we heard no more from Joaquin Miller. Two days before the time set, Harr Wagner arrived with the announcement that the poet would appear on the following day. But he did not come. We went to meet every train that day, but he did not appear. We appealed to Wagner to telegraph him. "No use," said

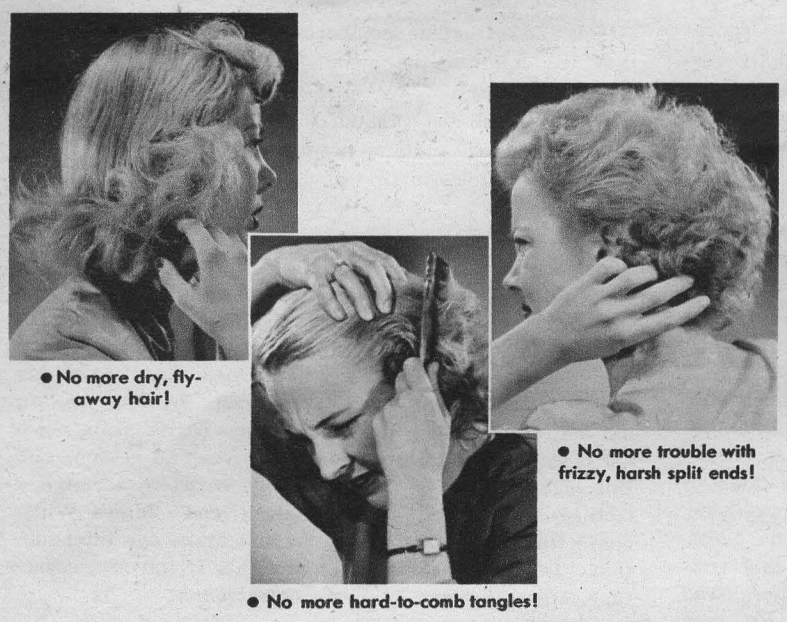
(Concluded On Page 8)

This is the home of Benjamin Harrison, where young Bowers had his interview with the great man. The home, on North Delaware Street in Indianapolis, is operated as a memorial and is open to the public.



Benjamin Harrison probably looked more severe than this to young Bowers.

Albert J. Beveridge encouraged Bowers and his friends in their bold venture.



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WITH A HOOSIER DIPLOMAT

The memory of the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, at work at his desk was one thing that the ambitious, but unsuccessful, young editors would always hold dear.

Wagner, "he would not open the telegram. He never does. He reads no newspapers and has not since years ago they treated him badly in California. One night just as he was about to lecture he was handed a death telegram and it ruined his lecture. He has paid no attention to telegrams since."

The $9 obligation weighed upon us like the national debt.

The next morning — we were desperate now — Riley joined us on our trudge to the station. He was impeccably attired as usual, with a little red flower in his buttonhole. With sickening fear, we stood in the door of the station as the train drew in. At length in the midst of the crowd emerging from the gate, we saw a tall bearded man wearing a great slouch hat and waving a carpet bag vigorously, to the evident annoyance of his neighbors. It was the "poet of the Sierras." Very tall, looking the part of a rough rustic from the ranch country, he wore boots which his trousers did not wholly conceal. He threw his arm impulsively around Riley's neck. The two poets offered a strange contrast. Riley short and slight, Miller tall and burly; Miller almost a rustic in caricature, Riley a veritable fashion plate; Miller boistrous as a boy, Riley cool, quiet, dignified.

WE WALKED our guest up Illinois Street to the Claypool Hotel, or the old Bates House, since the wanton waste of spending money for a cab did not occur to boys already weighed down with that $9 obligation. I have often wondered since what Riley thought. For a time we trudged along in silence, and then Miller again threw his arms around Riley with the exclamation: "Jim Riley, I love you more than any man on earth."

This broke the silence, and Wagner announced that the Legislature had invited the poet to address a joint session. Miller stopped dead in his tracks, an expression of consternation on his face. "Now, Wagner," he said, "you know that my biled shirts are in that trunk we sent ahead."

"Never mind," said Riley soothingly, "it is just barely possible that we may have enough influence to persuade some merchant to take your money for a shirt and collar."

Miller was in a boistrous mood when we entered the hotel, waving his carpet bag vigorously as he approached the very dignified and supercilious clerk.

"Do you think you can furnish bed and board for a man like me?" asked the poet of the Sierras.

The clerk seemed to entertain some serious doubt as he surveyed the tall man before him, but when his eye fell on Riley, in immaculate garb, he softened, and with seeming reluctance agreed to furnish bed and board. We saw Miller several times in his room. His first act on entering had been to open his carpet bag and extract a picture of a very beautiful girl, and place it on the mantel. It was his daughter.

THE HOME-COMING of the poet was a brilliant success. At the joint session of House and Senate, tributes were paid him and he was given a royal welcome home. That night the church was packed, with the Governor, the Legislature, and leading citizens in attendance. Riley's introduction was a beautiful prose poem on which we had seen him in the throes of composition, Miller's lecture in prose was really in blank verse and charming.

But even the success of the lecture failed to save the magazine from burial. We had cautiously maintained our secret, for Harrison's critical attitude had discouraged us as to mature minds. Finally we sneaked into a job printing office for an estimate on the printing of the first issue and we were appalled at the price. The idea of soliciting advertisements had not occurred to us, since that phase of the publishing business would have seemed to us sordid and undignified. We asked no advice. With enough short stories, poems, essays and articles from men and women with national reputations without one exception, we might have found some one to finance the project since we had enough to fill a magazine the size of *Harpers* for a full year, but no such thought came to us. And so, with sorrow, we honorably returned the free offerings to the donors, and the *Hoosier Edinburg Review* passed to the realm of sorrowful memories.

BUT THE poem Joaquin Miller wrote for it, published later in *Harpers*, became the most stirring poem of the Spanish-American War, and the introduction of James Whitcomb Riley was used as the introduction to the complete works of the "Poet of the Sierras." And we had had almost an hour with Benjamin Harrison in his house and we had seen Riley in the throes of composition and all of these memories more than compensate for the collapse of our literary bubble. ★ ★ ★

T.H. Tribune
Jan. 22, 1958

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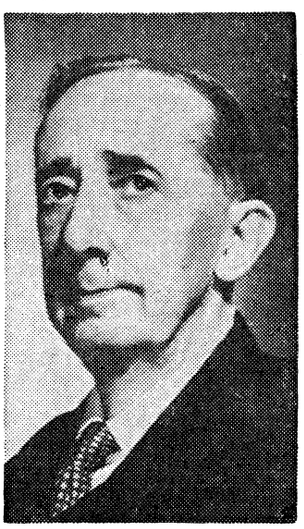

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Ex-Terre Haute Newsman Dies; Was Ambassador

By JOHN POTISEK

Claude G. Bowers, former Terre Haute newspaperman and nationally known historian, diplomat and biographer, died Tuesday night at his home in Manhattan, New York City, at the age of 79.

Bowers, who was a U. S. Ambassador to Spain in the 1930's and then to Chile until 1953, was on the editorial staff of the Terre Haute Star from 1903 to 1911.

He was born in Hamilton County, Indiana, and after completing his high school education at Shortridge High School in Indianapolis he read law for awhile before taking a job with the Indianapolis Sentinel.

He was also editor of the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette before he left his native Indiana to join the New York World in the 1920's, when the newspaper was known for its brilliant editorials.

He wrote a column of political editorials for his home paper and associated papers from 1931 to 1933, when he was appointed ambassador to Spain by Franklin D. Roosevelt. He resigned from the

Continued On Page 2, Column 1.
TURN OVER

BOWERS, C.G.

GEN.

T.H. Diplomat And Author Writes Of Influence Of French Revolution

One of the outstanding literary works among the Christmas books is a handsome volume by Claude G. Bowers, ambassador to Chile, and former ambassador to Spain. The Terre Hautean has gained the distinction of being the oldest ambassador in point of continuous service among the foreign representatives of this nation.

The Macmillan Company, his publisher, makes the following announcement which will be read with interest here:

Claude G. Bowers, historian, journalist, and United States ambassador to Chile since 1939, was born in Hamilton county, Indiana. He received his early education in the public schools of Shortridge and Indianapolis and under private tutors, and subsequently was an editorial writer on the Indianapolis Sentinel, The Terre Haute Tribune-Star and Editor of the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette. He ten went to New York as political editorial writer for the New York Evening World, and remained a member of its staff from 1922 to 1931, a time when that famous paper made journalistic history because of the brilliance of its editorials.

He wrote a column of political editorials for the New York Journal and associate papers from 1931 to 1933, when President Roosevelt sent him to Madrid as Ambassador to Spain. After six years there, a period which culminated in the Spanish Civil War and Franco's rise to power, Mr. Bowers was transferred in 1939 to Chile as ambassador, a post he has occupied since. This has been one of the longest tenures of such an appointment in American diplomatic history. Mr. Bowers has received honorary degrees from Tufts, Notre Dame, Universities of South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama; Oglethorpe at Atlanta and Holy Cross.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS
Author of
"Pierre Vergniaud:
Voice of the French Revolution"
(Macmillan)

Mr. Bowers, who says his hobbies are politics and history (but that his political activities are confined mostly to speaking and editorial writing), is the author of the well-known books on American political history, "The Tragic Era" and "Jefferson and Hamilton," the latter having received the Jefferson Medal at the University of Virginia and recently been published in German in Berlin. Among others of his works are "Irish Orators," "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period," "William Maxwell Ewarts" in American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy, "Beveridge and the Progressive Era," Jefferson in Power," "Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving," and "The Young Jefferson."

Mr. Bowers says his interest in Pierre Vergniaud, "the Jefferson of the French Revolution," began long ago and his research has extended over many years. What impressed him was the fact that among the most conspicuous figures of the Revolution—Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton and Vergniaud—Vergniaud alone had a democratic concept of society similar to that of English and Americans—that he alone among them was an uncompromising enemy of dictatorships and the system known in our time as totalitarian, and that he alone held undeviatingly to the four freedoms and died in defending them against the lawless mobs.

Mr. Bowers while he was editor of the New York World delivered the keynote address at the Houston democratic national convention when Smith and Robinson were nominated by the party. His peroration, "To Your Tents, Oh Israel," was one of the most widely quoted oratorical efforts at that time.

In his younger days he served on the Terre Haute board of public works. His associates were Patrick J. Walsh and Herbert Briggs.

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New Work By Claude G. Bowers Attracts Literary Interest

The New York Herald Tribune yesterday, contained the following sketch of Terre Haute's foremost literary man:

I am a Hoosier, though my work has taken me far afield to Washington, New York, Madrid and Santiago. An inveterate reader of history, I ascribed its lack of popular appeal to the failure of historians to reproduce the drama, the atmosphere of the times treated, or to make historical figures flesh and blood. In my first American history, "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," written on the suggestion of Senator Beveridge, I employed the methods that supplied the qualities I thought necessary to give history a wider appeal, and the book was hailed by the critics as a "new approach." Later "Jefferson and Hamilton," now in its twenty-fifth printing, challenged the interpretation of Jefferson prevalent for eighty years, and in "The Tragic Era" I challenged the prejudiced interpretation of sixty years. My reappraisal of Andrew Johnson has been generally adopted since. I continued my interpretation of Jefferson in "Jefferson in Power" and the "Young Jefferson," and wrote a full-length biography of my friend Beveridge. While in Madrid as Ambassador I wrote "The Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving," based on Irving's papers in the Embassy and on visits to every spot in Spain associated with him.

My book this year, "Pierre Vergniaud: Voice of the French Revolution," is the realization of an ambition since boyhood when a reading of Lamartine made the supreme orator one of my gods. I found in him not only the supreme orator of the Revolution, but the one leader who understood and championed democracy and fought the spirit of anarchy and the bloody dictatorship of Robespierre, I began collecting material twenty years ago in France, and in private collections all over France have uncovered hundreds of letters from Vergniaud and his associates that have never been used before and which throw a new light on events. The monstrous execution of Vergniaud by Robespierre was the first "purge" in history.

My method in writing is to saturate myself in the atmosphere of the time, and to make all my notes before writing a word. I then write very rapidly to get the sweep of the movement, rewrite for proportions, and again rewrite for polishing. All of my ten books have been written on a typewriter bought second hand for the Jackson book because I could not afford a new one. I prefer the smallest room I can find for my work and artificial light, finding this shuts out the present and makes for concentration, though "Vergniaud" was written in the Embassy in Santiago in a room looking out on the snow-tipped Andes. I smoke cigars incessantly while writing, with tables and the floor covered with books and manuscript, with the door locked against the cleaner during the time of incubation. "Jefferson and Hamilton," "The Era" and the Beveridge were written at night while writing editorials for "The Evening World" by day. Dinner at 5:30 and from 6 to 11 I shut myself in my cubbyhole with my second-hand typewriter. During seventeen years as Ambassador in Spain and Chile I have found time to write by avoiding bridge and golf.

I find recreation in talk and reading. Though fond of fiction, I prefer history and biography, and, when tired, I find entertainment in detective stories, being partial to those of Agatha Christie and Erle Stanley Gardner. Though not athletic, I enjoy baseball and football, and when in New York rarely miss a major fight at the Garden. My favorite exercise is walking, preferably in the country, or amidst scenes associated with history and with political and literary personalities.

The success of my first books I ascribe to the friendship of the late Carl Van Doren, Dr. William E. Dodd, the historian and Ambassador, and Allan Nevins.

Claude Bowers new book, "Pierre Vergniaud: Voice of the French Revolution," is scheduled for early November publication.

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